

Tailor Made in the USA by cherrysorry

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Summary:

It begins simply enough, with Billy sporting one of his cut-off muscle tees in defiance of Steve condemning his life choices while he was just trying to make the Pretty Boy asshole some breakfast. However, it's not even three days later before the spaghetti straps and de-sleeved crop tops give way to a fucking bra and miniskirt.

And, like, Steve has dealt with dozens of different flavors of Billy at this point. He's seen him in a Goddamn French Maid costume they'd drunkenly ordered at a Halloween outlet. If Steve was just going to roll over on his opinions because Billy decided to flash his tits around

—well, Steve would never stand for anything, now would he? He can handle his boyfriend's sluttiness.

But the evening gown? That is admittedly a big wrench in Steve's plans, because Billy is stunning.

OR a (mostly) unconnected series of one-shots about the many robes, skirts, frocks, and gowns of Billy Hargrove as he navigates this mean, gross, and beautiful thing he's got going with one Steve Harrington.

1. The Faux Prom Gown

Author's Note:

- For [LazyBaker](#).

Steve hates Billy's tattoo with a fucking *passion*, but he tries to be polite about it.

"Sometimes I wish you'd literally fracture your entire Goddamn shoulder just so you'd have to wear a spica cast and I could get a break from looking at that *thing* for a couple months."

Billy, being himself, respectfully disagrees by wearing increasingly revealing sleeveless tanks, tops, and *dresses*.

It begins simply enough, with Billy sporting one of his cut-off muscle tees that very afternoon in defiance of Steve condemning his life choices while he was just trying to make the Pretty Boy asshole some *breakfast*. When Steve refuses to apologize, however, it's not even three days later before the spaghetti straps and de-sleeved crop tops give way to a fucking bra and miniskirt.

And, like, Steve has dealt with dozens of different *flavors* of Billy at this point. He's seen him in a Goddamn French Maid costume they'd drunkenly ordered at a Halloween outlet. If Steve was just going to roll over on his opinions because Billy decided to flash his tits around —well, Steve would never stand for anything, now *wouldhe*? He can handle his boyfriend's sluttiness.

But the evening gown? That is admittedly a big wrench in Steve's plans, because Billy is *stunning*.

Standing in Steve's very own living room, he's a vision in pink, waist and pecs hugged by flowing, cloud-like chiffon. Yet while the bodice is pinched tight around his middle, the sleeves are merely decorative fluff. They hang loosely around his mid-forearm, leaving the damn smoking skull in full view to torment Steve. Because it's still shit. It's a kid's obnoxious doodle. It's trashy chicken scratch, and *Billy*—

Billy's curls are tied back and tucked sweetly behind his studded ears. He must be wearing lipstick. Mascara and eyeliner, even. There's no way he could just be this beautiful all the time.

From the impossible cumulus of his skirt, Billy magically plucks out a *joint*. He digs a lighter out of one of the bra cups and flicks it to life. *Christ.*

Denise Williams is crooning from the record player. When Billy waves him over with the two fingers pinched around his smoke, Steve doesn't put up a fight. He imagines this might've been what Prom was like, had he mustered the balls to go without Nancy.

"Why don't you like the tattoo, you stubborn dick?" Billy offers Steve a long, rich drag.

"It's just so fucking ugly." Steve shakes his head. "I'll pay for laser removal, or a cover-up job. Jesus, *anything*. You'd be so perfect without it."

Billy blows smoke in his face, and Steve's jeans suddenly tighten.

"*Tough.* I'm not in the business of aspiring to other people's bullshit. You want me, you've gotta take the whole package, and that includes my fucking taste."

Billy taps a foot against Steve's shin. He's got on fuzzy Led Zeppelin novelty socks, and a pooka shell anklet is rattling against his right heel.

"What's it gonna be, dumb dumb?"

It's a non-decision. Steve reaches up and rubs his thumb over the skull, the thing still chittering giddily at Steve's expense. Could be worse.

They spend the next hour getting high and slow dancing and peeling back layers of airy rayon to find calloused skin and crappy tattoos and scars like clouded fireworks.

They make an absolute fucking mess of things. It's *wonderful*.

2. The Peacoat

Summary for the Chapter:

For the ask from @booksfoxesandcoffee :

Billy forgot that Steve's backyard is open to the woods and stepped outside for a smoke, but runs into a herd of deer.

Billy's basically sleep walking when he rolls out of Steve's bed, grabs his cancer sticks, and pads down the manor's back patio steps for a little night air.

He anticipates the cold, so he lazily nicks Mrs. Harrington's winter peacoat on his way out. He's naked, otherwise, but his brain is too fuzzy and inert to care that his ass is barely being covered and his dick is rubbing against the Mrs's expensive furs. *Fuck it*—he'll wash the thing later.

What he does not anticipate is the massive *buck* that brays bitchily in his face when he flicks open his light.

“*Baagh*,” it whines, snuffling and rattling its huge rack not two feet from Billy's reddening nose.

He blinks slowly, eyes half-lidded. A switch is trying and failing to flip in his head. He reaches out his left hand, middle and index fingers balancing the unlit Marlboro, and pokes a tip of the male's antlers. They're bony and chalk-white, all its velvet shed. This boy is all grown up.

The buck doesn't appreciate his curiosity. It snuffles in annoyance, taking a petty half-step back. Billy laughs. His brain hasn't switched to the right frequency to deal with this shit quite yet. He lights his damn cigarette, tightens the belt on his peacoat, and points his smoke at the deer like some kind of delirious wine mom.

“Who the fuck invited you into my dreams, big boy?”

A few petulant hoof-falls and snorts from somewhere deeper into the Harrington's backyard has Billy squinting beyond *Big Boy* and into the underbrush. It takes a second for his eyes, and mind, to adjust to the sight of *nine does* grazing and huffing through Mr. Harrington's apple trees.

"You sly fucks. Steve thought it was squirrels or something." He spits on the porch, earning another whine from Big Boy. "I'm gonna miss out on Thanksgiving apple pies because of you *freeloading...*"

It takes a little more than a second to realize that, nosing right by a fallen pear that's resting just by Billy's feet, is the tiny snout of a fawn. It sniffs hesitantly at the fruit, straining painfully over the steps on shaky stick legs.

And yeah, that's real fucking *cute* and all, but the thing that really gets Billy is the *eyes*. It keeps glancing nervously up at him with these huge, dark, twinkling eyes. Worried. *Pleading*. It huffs pitifully, and all the pettiness in Billy's belly evaporates.

He doesn't dare breathe.

Crouching down so slowly that his damn knees quake, Billy plucks up the pear and eases it up and out for the infant deer to snack on. It recoils at first, Big Boy screeching meanly and a large doe bounding over to check on the baby.

"Come on, Bambi. I ain't gonna pinch ya."

Eventually, it trots a little closer. Sniffs, whines. Then it darts out a surprisingly long tongue to lick at the thing. Billy can't help it. He snorts.

Listen—he doesn't fucking know what deer do, but the waggling, goofy way that the fawn swipes its tongue out of its mouth is not in the range of anything he'd been imagining.

Luckily, the baby doesn't seem so easily frightened anymore. It snuffs at his bright red sleeve, dripping pear juice onto the cloth before taking the entire fruit into its mouth and trotting away.

Billy doesn't stay much longer than that. His capacity for charity has

been met for the day, and honestly he feels like his ears and dick are about to break off in the November chill. He sucks on what's left of his cigarette, stubs it out, and pads back up to Steve's bed on chilly feet. He dumps the winter coat right before he burrows under the covers.

Steve turns over and tutts disapprovingly. He blinks big, brown eyes at Billy, dark with worry. "Babe, you're like a block of ice." When he pulls the shorter boy into the warm embrace of his wool pajamas, the blond leans into it.

Steve rubs up and down his back, and Billy melts, humming. "Doing the Lord's work, Harrington. It's a full time occupation."

Steve chuckles, squeezing him closer. His eyes are twinkling, and Billy's brain is suddenly fuzzy with something more than just exhaustion.

Still smirking, the older boy lowers his voice to a whisper and tightens his grip. "I know. I can't wait to show Max the tape of your little Snow White act from the camera we just had installed. She'll never let you live it down."

It takes five minutes for Billy to finally stop squirming and cursing about a certain *fuckhead Pretty Boy trying to ruin my damn reputation*.

Begrudgingly, Billy falls asleep cold and pissy and spitting, but clutching hard at Steve's warm clothes and leaning into the hot kiss he plants on Billy's brow.

Fucking Bambi.

3. The Wedding Dress

Steve's not proud of it, but he used to "break up" with Billy every couple of days, as that's the only fucking threat that would get Billy to shut up or stop flirting with his mom or retire the nickname "Hamburglar" for Dustin.

Steve tells himself that the intentions were pure, and that, *most* of the time, Billy could tell he was joking. It was more of a glorified silent treatment than anything, and Steve would let Billy come running back into his house and his bed within the same twenty-four hours.

Yeah, there were a few rare times where Billy would get mean and cry and beg for Steve to *please take me back, babe. I know I'm a piece of shit but I'm really trying here.* And Steve could practically hear Satan cackling and counting down the days for his wicked soul, because Billy *was* trying and how *dare* Steve stoop to such low blows.

Still, it takes a full blown domestic crisis for Steve to retire the tactic. He's just broken up with Billy for the seventeenth time over *commitment issues*, and three hours later Steve is woken up by the sound of his step-dad's Natalie Cole album on full blast.

Billy is drunk as shit, face puffy. He's grinning in the mothy old wedding dress from Steve's mom's second marriage. The cut is beautiful. Billy looks like a fucking angel, curls wild and crying with a cracked dollar store bottle of champagne clenched in his left hand. He keeps murmuring "Baby, *please.*"

Steve plays nice after that.

4. The Red Halter (Part 1)

The first time Billy ever gets truly, utterly, drop-dead *piss* drunk is the Mother's Day after his Ma runs away. The last time is the night he breaks up with Steve.

He's all of twenty-two, legs wobbly but a helluva lot more decorated in the art of holding his liquor than when he was twelve and choking on Neil's Jack Daniels. It's their one year anniversary. Him and Steve, that is. Right down to the damn day that Billy yanked himself out of the Upside Down and fell the other side up into the arms of El, Max, and *Harrington*.

He's been sitting on his boyfriend's couch for the past five hours, patiently waiting for him to come home while wrapped in a gorgeous little number he'd picked up from the fancy boutique the next town over and steadily getting wasted on sips of the iced cabernet he'd chosen with Robin.

And Billy knows from Steve's old relationships with Wheeler and Tammy Thompson and every other fucking Hawkins sweetheart that Steve's a bleeding *romantic*. So Billy calls Keith that morning and bullies him into letting Steve cut shift early, and then he calls the little dipshits for help decorating Harrington's stupidly big house, and finally he calls Pretty Boy himself to prepare for some *spoilingtonight*.

None of the kids come to pitch in, 'cept Max. It takes forever to whip dinner together and get all the cheesy fucking *roses* and *candles* and *Christmas lights* in place, but they haul ass and get it done. It's fine. It'll be fine.

Steve shuffles in around midnight. He's got cat fur on his polo and he smells like snickerdoodle candles. Hiding out at Henderson's, then.

Billy has long since wrapped an old robe around himself and plucked the pins out of his hair. He rolls himself off of the couch and flicks the last cube of ice at Steve's chest. "Billy, *hey*—"

"I'm done."

Steve's eyes start to water.

'Course, Steve has broken up with *him* coming up on around two dozen times at this point. For fucking *anything*. Cracking shitty jokes or being too affectionate in public or sending *mixed signals* when he tries to course correct.

The laundry list of criticisms, the constant shovel talk from the kids, Steve's *bullshit*—

He's so tired of feeling like fucking *nothing*. It's too much. Steve reaches for him, and Billy's too wasted to move fast enough when the older boy grips desperately at the labels of his robe. "Wait, please. Just wait."

Billy tears himself away, and the robe flops open and droops down his shoulders. The red halter gown is short and tight and *sweet* with a loose skirt that flutters around his thighs in a flourish of crimped lace. It's pretty and incredibly *stupid*—exactly the kind of thing Steve would've relished the chance to peel off of Nancy.

Billy starts to giggle. Old habits.

"Harrington. Baby. I just can't. I can't. I *cannot*." Steve doesn't get a word in, between Billy's nervous Goddamn breakdown and his terrifying march right out the front door and his morbid play of hide and seek at the junkyard while Steve cruises around the neighborhood in a panic.

It's the first time since Billy'd pulled himself out of the *Down*-side of the mirror that he falls asleep in a wrecked car, alone and feeling like the world has already ended.

5. The Real Prom Dress

Even though he's been usurped and socially cannibalized by a hotheaded beach babe with a fucking *rat* mullet, Steve's not at all surprised when he's voted Prom King. After all, everyone saw Billy's cronies rigging the ballot boxes, and King Hargrove's word is law. *All hail*—it's a landslide victory. Steve shuffles up to the stage in a tuxedo and converse.

That being said, he is just a *teensy* bit surprised when his boyfriendfuckbuddy *Billy Fucking Hargrove* is crowned Prom *Queen*. Never one to deny himself the opportunity for a grand entrance, Hargrove is picked right out of the crowd by a spotlight that Tommy H has taken hostage, the freckled *dick* sniggering as he follows Billy's swaggering approach to center stage.

It's not just Tommy who's getting a kick out of this. Most of the auditorium is laughing, actually. Staff included. *Obviously*, they assume this is some wild final hurrah prank that Hargrove's pulling on Harrington, the disgraced grand clown *loser*. It doesn't make any fucking sense, considering Steve's not the one in the dress, but they're eating it up all the same.

Like, *what*, Billy's trying to call Steve gay or something by being his *Queen*? God, high school really is a Petri dish of idiocy. And with this dollar store tiara, Steve is now and forever their ruler. Shit.

Then again, maybe being stuck as King ain't so bad, if he's got Billy as a consolation prize. Because, *Jesus H. Christ*—

His curls are teased to new heights, perm fresh and wildly sprayed away from his face. His *face*, which is dewy and soft with mineral powder and rouge and a burgundy lip gloss as bold as sin itself. His eyelids smudged ever so artfully with sooty liner and a lavender shadow that makes the ocean in his eyes *scream*. It's all so fucking intense, so insane and batshit beautiful, that the dress is only the fourth thing Steve really notices. Which is a crying shame, considering how many paychecks Billy must've splinched in order to

afford the thing.

It's entirely stitched from lace, from the ring at the end of its sleeves that hook to Billy's middle fingers all the way down to its sweeping excess on the gym's grimy wood-paneled floors. It's mermaid shaped, a wine-spilled bodice tightly cradling the boy's hips before yawning into a long, slit train.

"Am I dreaming, or is that you, Harrington?"

Steve can barely feel his mouth. "... don' cream y'ur pants..."

Billy's boots are the same battered ones as always, black and scuffed and treading slowly. He's got on his shitty fingerless gloves, and his hands and ears are pierced and packed with dozens of silver rings.

When Coach, the Goddamn teacher of the year, pops the tiara on Hargrove's head, the blond flicks it crooked and thumbs at the edge of his lipstick.

Billy finally smiles up at him, this sweet little thing, and Steve feels like he's about to be swallowed whole.

Ninety-percent of the dipshits are still laughing, killing themselves over a joke they're not even in on. Over the raucous screeching, Steve has gone deaf, but he's still got just enough sanity left to see Billy mouth over the words that'll be used to bring him to his knees in a couple hours.

Pretty enough, Pretty Boy?

At the lip of the stage, Robin's smirk has grown downright *devilish*. She winks, blowing Steve a kiss where he's suffering a mild stroke from overstimulation, and somehow that stupid gesture is the one *honestcongratulations* that Steve gets the entire night over this outstanding *victory*.

The lace is an absolute bitch to claw out of, and that damn lipstick dries in three different shades as it smears.

It's more than enough.